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WITH

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The Fourth Book

The FIRST BOOK of this CHARACTER.

*LONDON*,

Printed by *F. Clark*, *T. Moore*, and *J. Heptinstall*, for *John Carr*, and *R. C.* and are to be Sold by *John Carr* at the *Middle Temple-Gate*, and *Sam. Scott* at the *Miter* by *Temple-Barr*. *Anno Domini*, 1687.

TO ALL

# TRUE LOVERS

OE

# MUSICK.

Gentlemen,

WE well hope, our former diligent endeavors, (according to our capacity) to ſerve the *Muſical Souls* of our Nation, have been ſo hearty, that no very great aſperſion can ly upon us for a total neglect of our duty: We alſo thankfully acknowledg the kind reception our labours have hitherto found from the Ingenious, and *the good natur'd*; by which we have been ſo far encouraged, as yet to add One (Ornament at leaſt) to our many former Attempts, and that is, this New *Character* of the *Notes* of the Songs in this Book, leſs troubleſome to the Eye, then thoſe of the Old way, which (if acceptable) will add freſh vigour to our future induſtry, and add much to the numerous obligations you have already heaped upon,

Gentlemen,

Yours

*JOHN CARR.*

Licenſed *June* the 8th 1687.

*R. C.*

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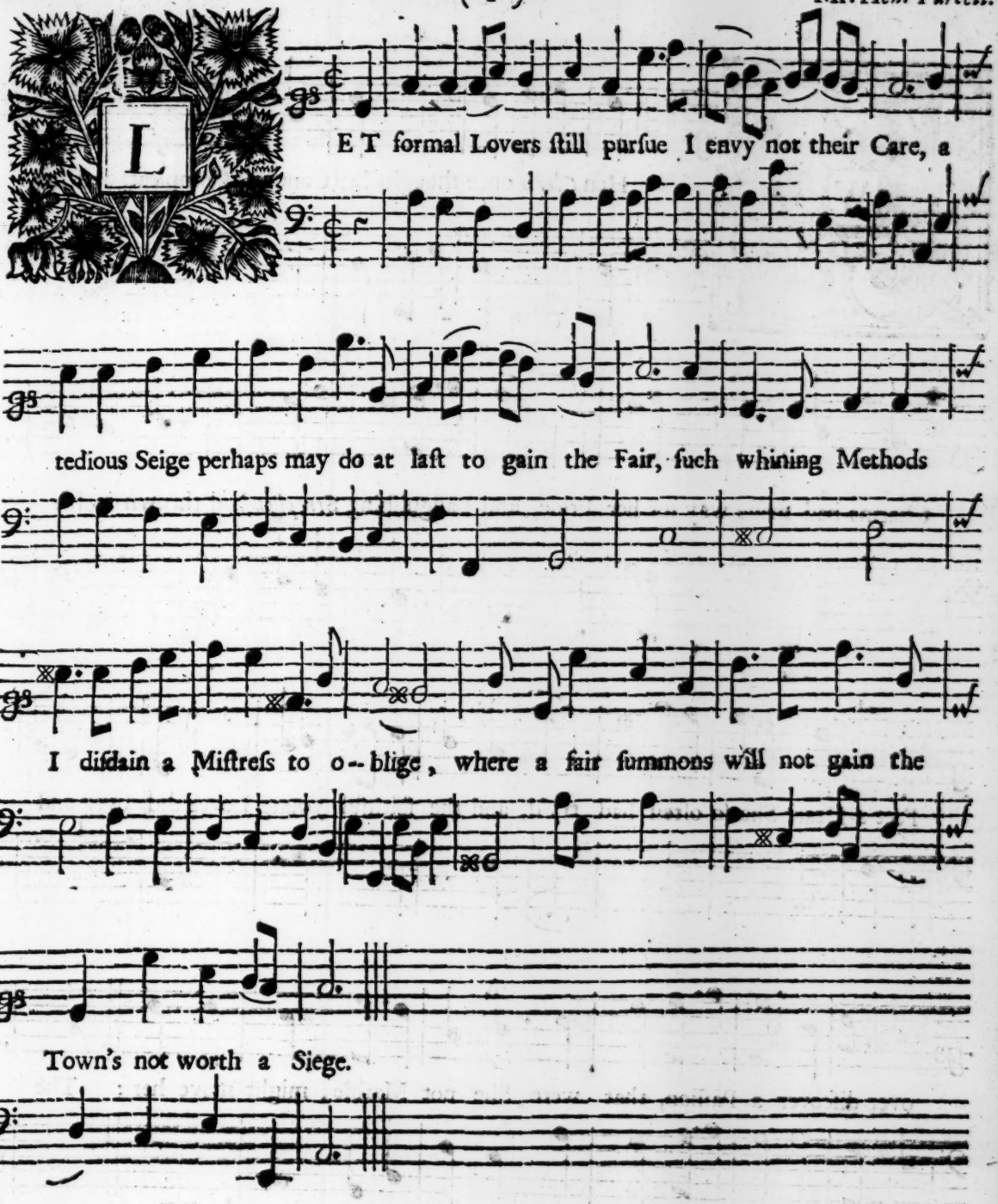



The Eaſtern Monarchs Victories
Had not gone on ſo far
Had he ingag'd his Enemies
By formal ſteps of War,
To general Beauty I lay claim,
From each fair Eye tis hurld,
Where e're I come like him I'le gain
And love ore all the World.

B

Mr.. *Fran. Forcer.*

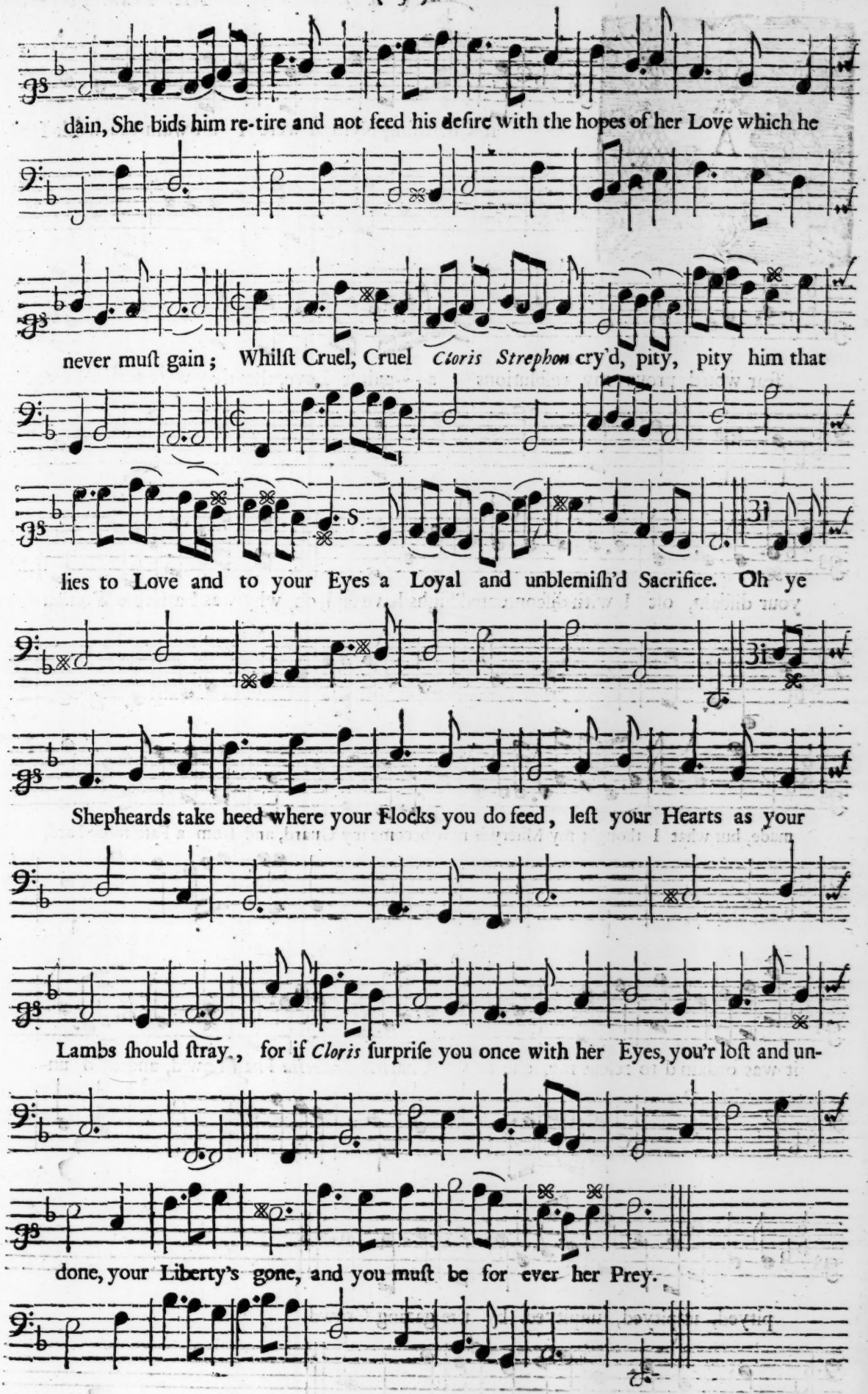
Hen *Cloris* once thought her Conqueſt Compleat, and her

Charms had made way for her Pride, and Languiſhing *Strephon* had thrown at her

Feet a Heart She ſo often had try'd, and the faithful young Lover did over and

over diſcover a Paſſion, that were She not Marble, might move her: The

hard hearted Nymph to requite all his pain, inſtead of his Love paid him with diſ-


dain, She bids him re-tire and not feed his desire with the hopes of her Love which he
never must gain; Whilst Cruel, Cruel *Cloris Strephon* cry'd, pity, pity him that
lies to Love and to your Eyes a Loyal and unblemish'd Sacrifice. Oh ye
Shepheards take heed where your Flocks you do feed, lest your Hearts as your
Lambs should stray., for if *Cloris* surprise you once with her Eyes, you'r lost and un-
done, your Liberty's gone, and you must be for ever her Prey.

h Charming Nymph were I a Swain too weak I

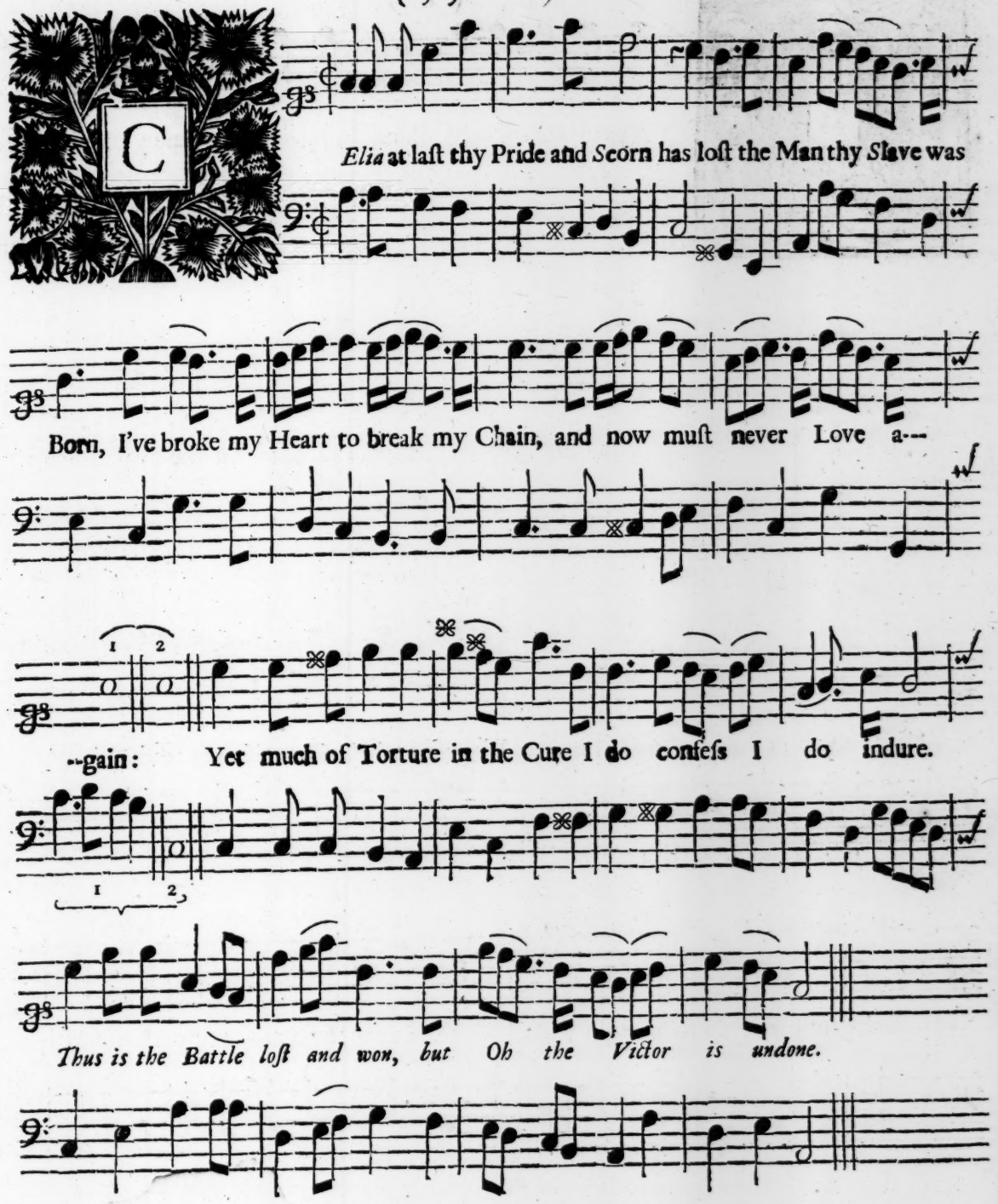
fear wou'd prove my reſolutions a-----gainſt Love, tho they were fortifi'd by

your diſdain, oft I with diſcontented Sighs have ſaid, oh, why was I a feeble Woman

made, but what I thought my Miſery is now become my Guard, and from a Fate more hard,

it was ordain'd to reſcue me, elſe to thy Charms *Philoclia* I had bow'd, and dy'd un-

pityed, unpityed, unpityed by the gazing Crowd.




Glory has now my Heart poſſeſt,
And love of Arms Enflam'd my Breſt;
The puny God in Chains ſhall wait,
Whilſt Pride and Honour ſit in ſtate,
But oh my Glories I deſpiſe
Since I muſt ſhun thoſe Killing Eyes.
*Thus is the Battle*, &c.

Farewel my Trophies ſince I find
No Beauty left to tempt my mind,
To make my laſt of Actions brave,
I'le die her Victor and her Slave:
Weep that the World no more can give,
But ſcorn this Conqueſt to outlive.
*Thus is the Battle*, &c.



Mr. *Sam. Ackroyd.*

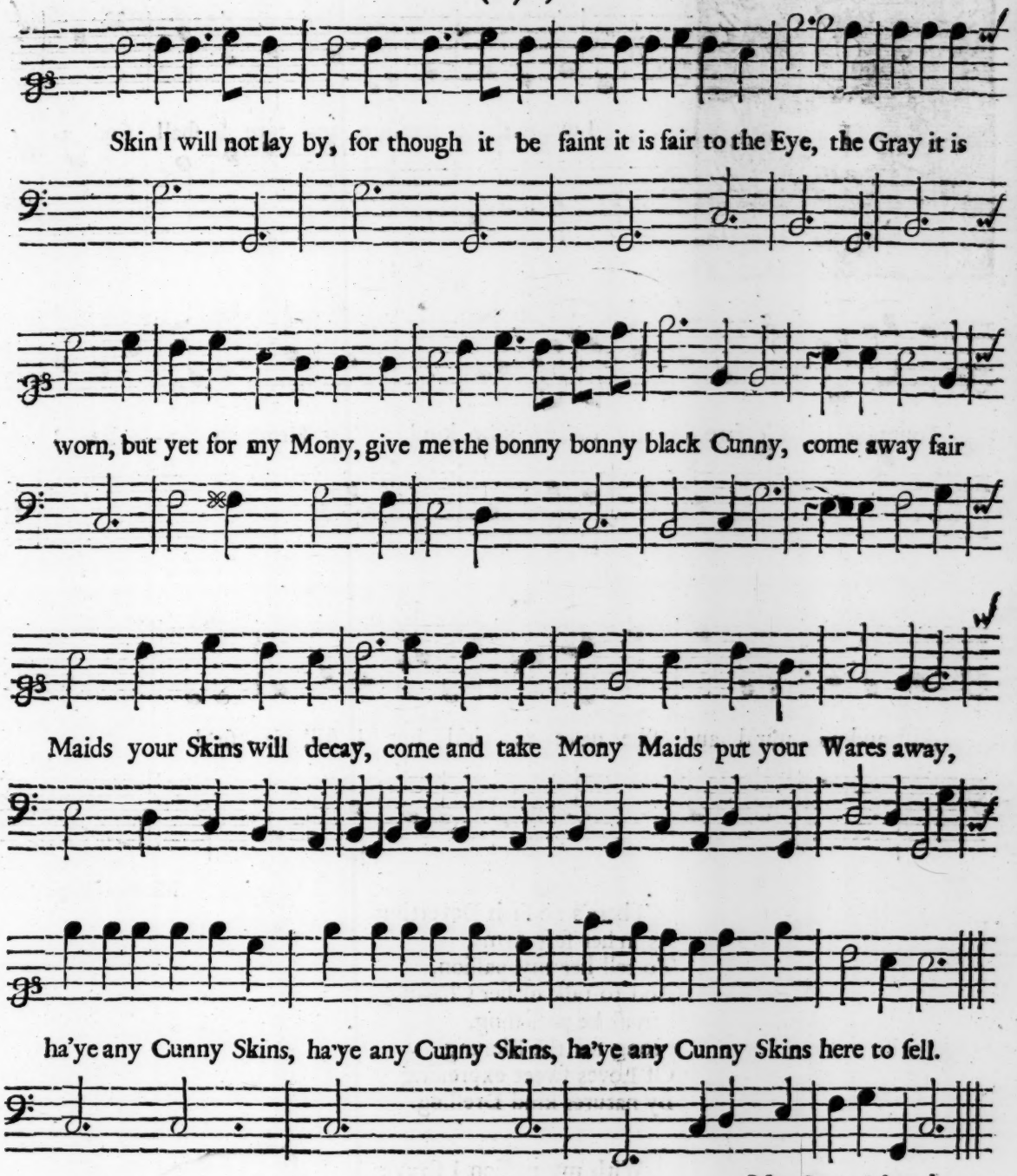
Ring out your Cunny Skins, bring out your Cunny Skins Maids

to me, and hold them fair that I may ſee, Gray, Black and Blew, for the ſmaller Skins

I'le give you Bracelets, Laces, Pins, and for your whole Cunny here's ready Mony,

come gentle *Jone* do thou begin with thy black Cunny thy black Cunny Skin, and

*Mary* and *Jone* will follow with their Silver Haird Skins and Yallow, the White Cunny




Mr. *Sam. Ackroyd.*

I Love without meaſure, and ſure I ſhall find a

Fountain of Pleaſure for my *Celia's* now kind : My Heart ſo In---ſpir'd I

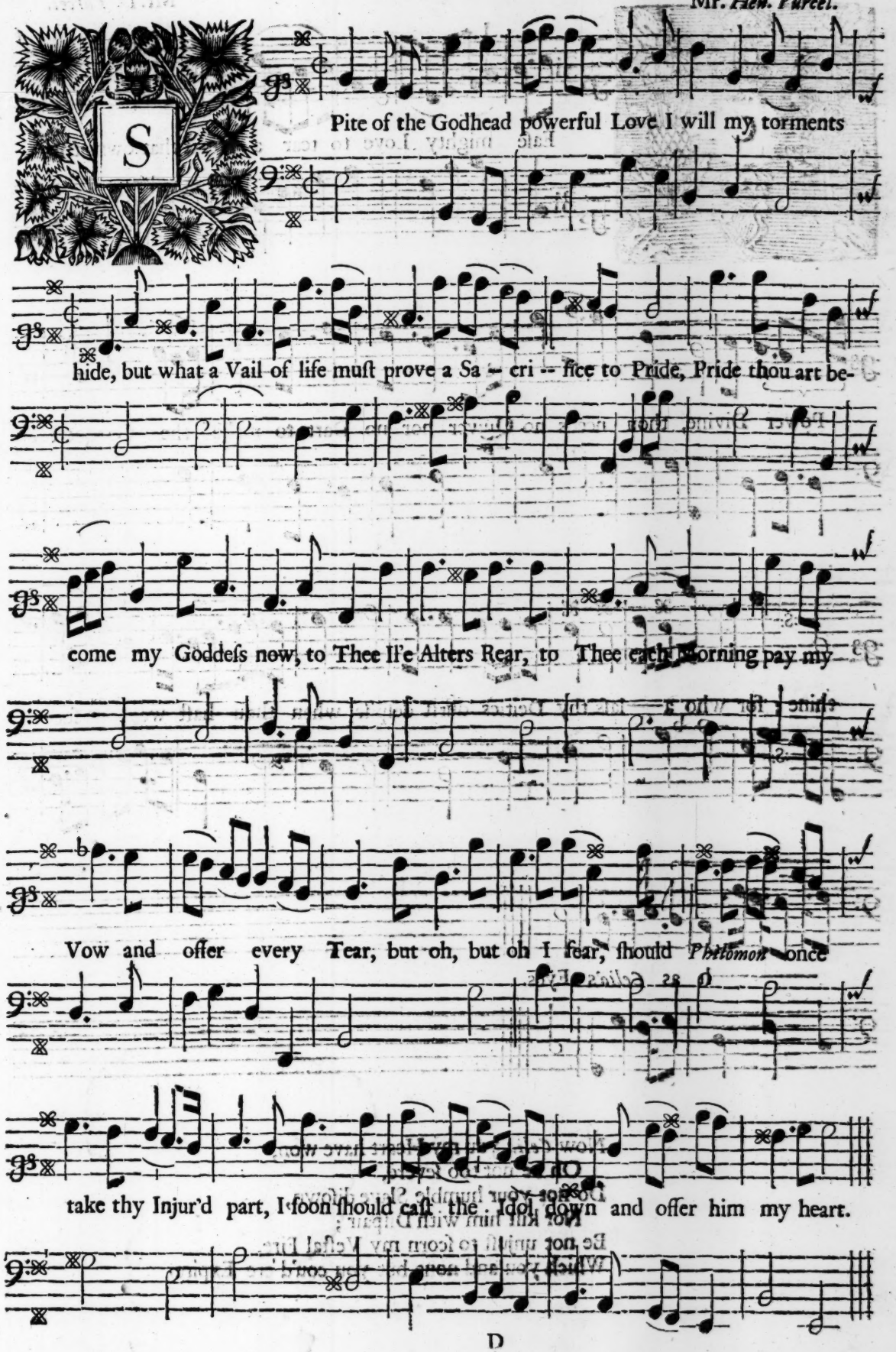
kiſt and ad - mir'd and She ne're re - tir'd but I ſtill de - ſir'd.

Mr. *Rob. King.*

There's no ſuch Devertion
As in her ſoft Arms,
To tell her my paſſion,
And to talk of her Charms,
I muſt be poſſeſſing,
I long for the Bleſſing
Of Loves ſweet expreſſing
By natures kind Dreſſing.

With my paſſion I ſtrove
To wait for the pow'r,
And the pleaſure of Love
But for one happy houre,
With eager deſire
At laſt I came nier,
Her Eyes darted Fire,
My Soul did expire.

Mr. *Hen. Purcel.*



Mr. *D. Purcel.*

Eaſe mighty Love to tear a Heart that owns thy

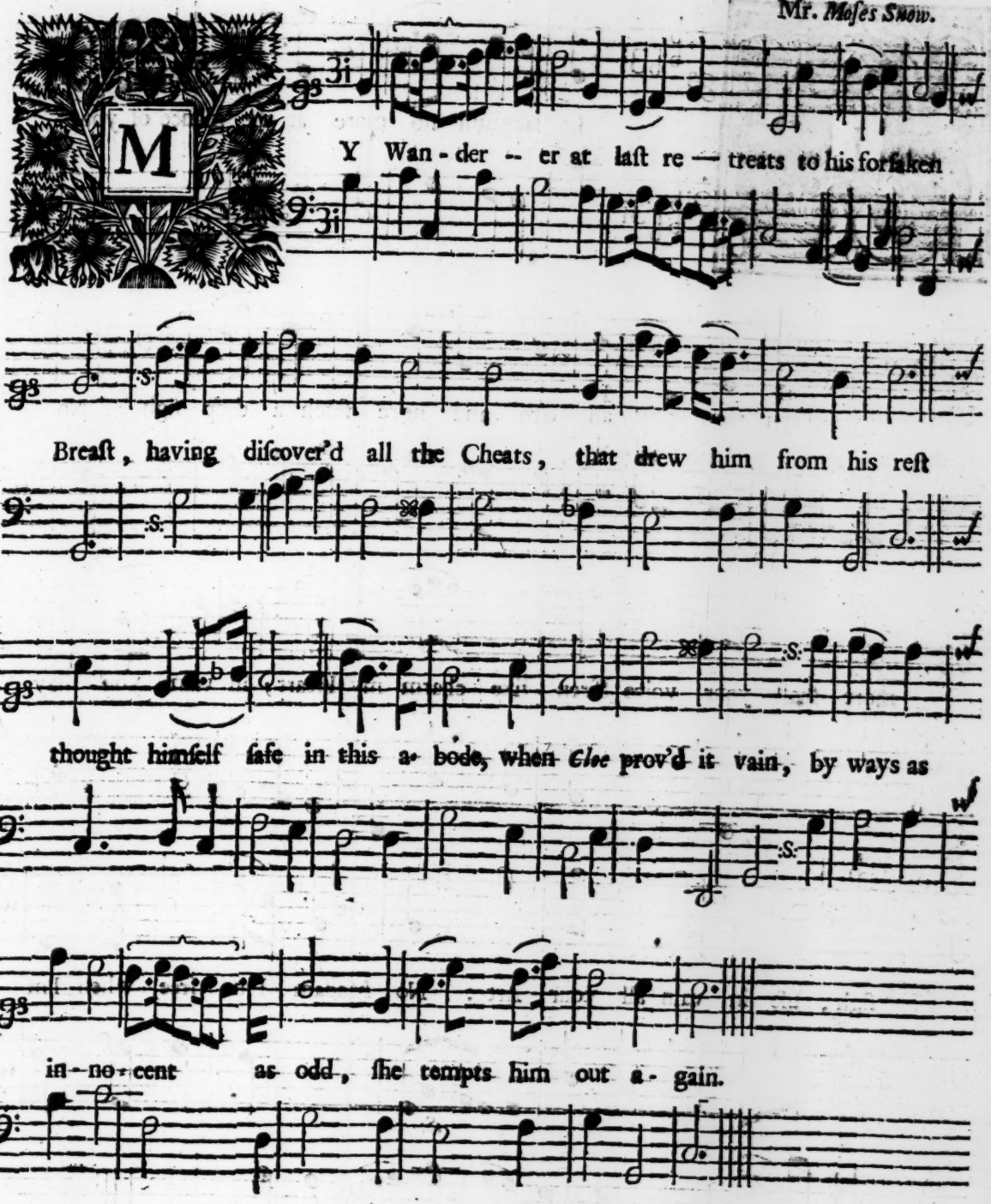
Power Divine, thou needs no Quiver nor no Dart to make the Conqueſt

thine; for who a—laſs thy Deities durſt deſpiſe, when thou haſt weapons ſuc—

h as *Celia's* Eyes.

Now *Celia* you my Heart have won,
Oh be not too ſevere,
Do not your humble Slave diſown,
Nor kill him with Diſpair;
Be not unjuſt to ſcorn my Veſtal Fire,
Which you and none but you cou'd ere Expire.

Mr. *Moſes Snow.*




With untaught Eyes, unpractis'd Art,
She does her Slave ſubdue:
Scorns meanly to beguile a Heart,
But claims it as her due.
Let Tyrants then her Conqueſt boaſt,
And keep their few in awe:
She governs all and ever muſt,
Who reigns by Natures Law.

Mr. *Rich. Brown.*

I'le languiſh no more at the glance of your

Eye; can view you all o're and ne're fetch a deep ſigh: No

more ſhall your voice Siren-like charm my Heart; in vain you may

ſigh, uſe in vain all your Art: No Madam I'm free, when I'm

Captive a-gain, let me unpity'd feel a-----gen my old pain.

I'le Libertine turn, uſe all things in Common,
No more than one Diſh be bound to one Woman,
Yet I ſtill love the Sex but my Bottle before 'em,
I'le uſe 'em ſometimes but I'le never Adore 'em,
Go Madam be wiſe when a Woodcocks ith nooſe,
Be ſure hold him faſt leaſt like me he get looſe.

Farewel all the Arts of Love Fancy to Witch

first did move, and at the laſt did empty prove, the Goddeſs which you did a—

dore enjoy'd con--ti—nues to be ſo no more, but turns to a Woman as before, the

Goddeſs which you did adore enjoy'd con—ti—nues to be ſo no more, but turns to

Wo—man as be—fore.

Why then all this thought of care,
Hopes and fears and oft diſpair,
All to poſſeſs your ſelf that's fair,
An eaſy Beauty's ever beſt,
Tho ſhe lodg not in your Breſt,
You ſoon ſhall find a place of reſt,
An eaſie Beauty's, &c.

Hen the Gods at a Banquet did Revel above, did

When the Gods at a Banquet did Revel, did

Revel above and *Gannimed* fill'd out a Bumper to *Jove*, *A - pollo* and *Bacchus* their

Revel above and *Gannimed* fill'd out a Bumper to *Jove*, *A - pollo* and *Bacchus* their

Joy to Inſpire, the Muſes and Graces call'd in to the Quuire: Divine was the

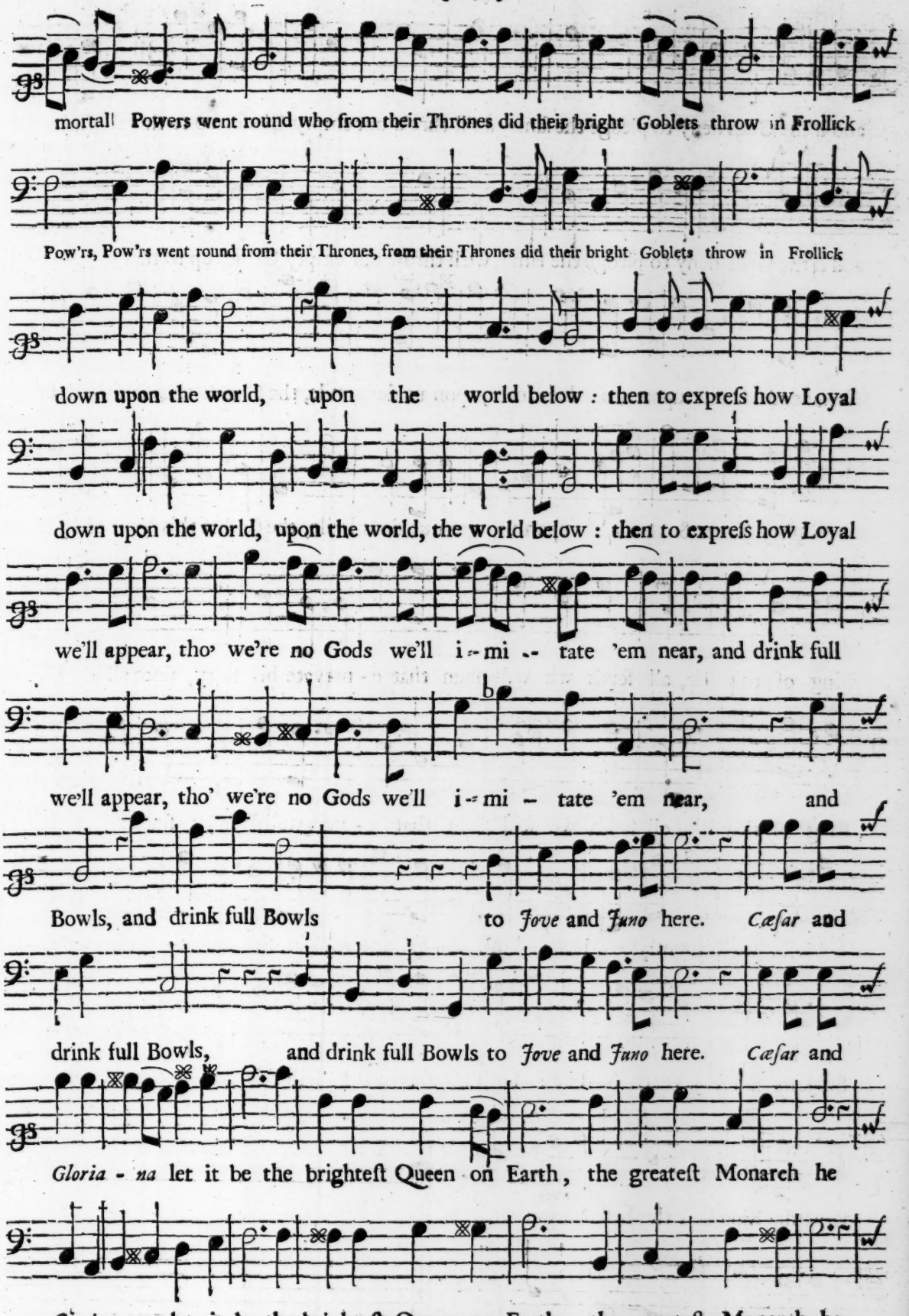
Joy to Inſpire, the Muſes and Graces call'd in to the Quire: Divine was the

Muſick, their Pleaſure extream, and Beauty and Loyalty ſtill was the Theam, to

Muſick, their Pleaſure extream, and Beauty and Loyalty ſtill was the Theam, to

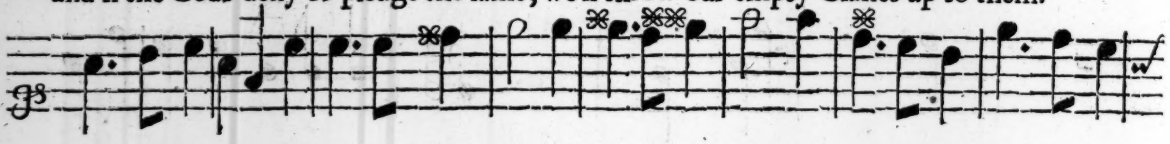
*Jove* and *Juno's* Health full Bowls were Crown'd, and to th'Immortal, and to th'im-

*Jove* and *Juno's* Health full Bowls were Crown'd, and to th'immortall

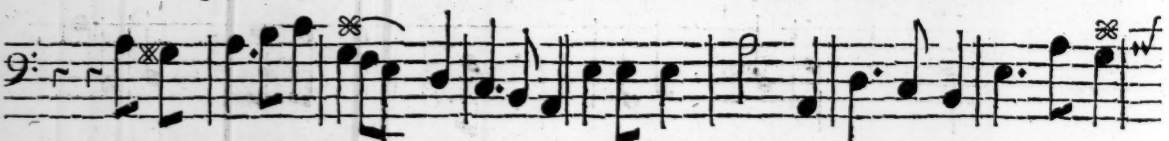

mortall Powers went round who from their Thrones did their bright Goblets throw in Frollick
Pow'rs, Pow'rs went round from their Thrones, from their Thrones did their bright Goblets throw in Frollick
down upon the world, upon the world below : then to expreſs how Loyal
down upon the world, upon the world, the world below : then to expreſs how Loyal
we'll appear, tho' we're no Gods we'll i - mi - tate 'em near, and drink full
we'll appear, tho' we're no Gods we'll i - mi - tate 'em near, and
Bowls, and drink full Bowls to *Jove* and *Juno* here. *Cæſar* and
drink full Bowls, and drink full Bowls to *Jove* and *Juno* here. *Cæſar* and
*Gloria - na* let it be the brighteſt Queen on Earth, the greateſt Monarch he
*Gloria - na* let it be the brighteſt Queen on Earth, the greateſt Monarch he

and if the Gods deny to pledge the ſame, we'll throw our empty Glaſſes up to them. Mighty

and if the Gods deny to pledge the ſame, we'll throw our empty Glaſſes up to them.



*James* and *Apollo* upon us does ſmile, upon us does ſmile, the God of this Year and the

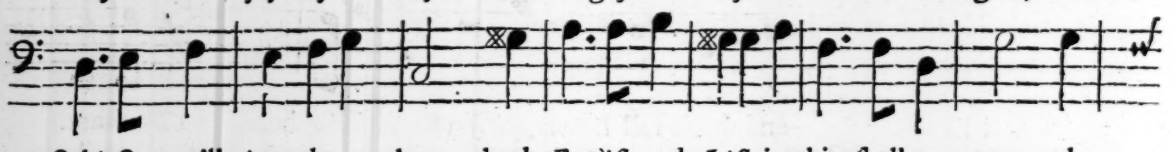


Mighty *James* & *Apollo* upon us, upon us does ſmile, the God of this Year and the

King of this Iſle, all feuds we will ſhun that e - nervate his ſway, ſince all are his

King of this Iſle, all feuds we will ſhun that e - nervate his ſway, ſince all are his

Subjects we'll joyntly o—bey: both *Engliſh* and *Iriſh* in this ſhall a—gree, who



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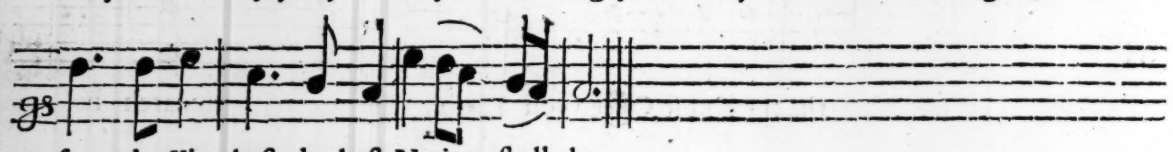

ſerve the King beſt the beſt Nation ſhall be.

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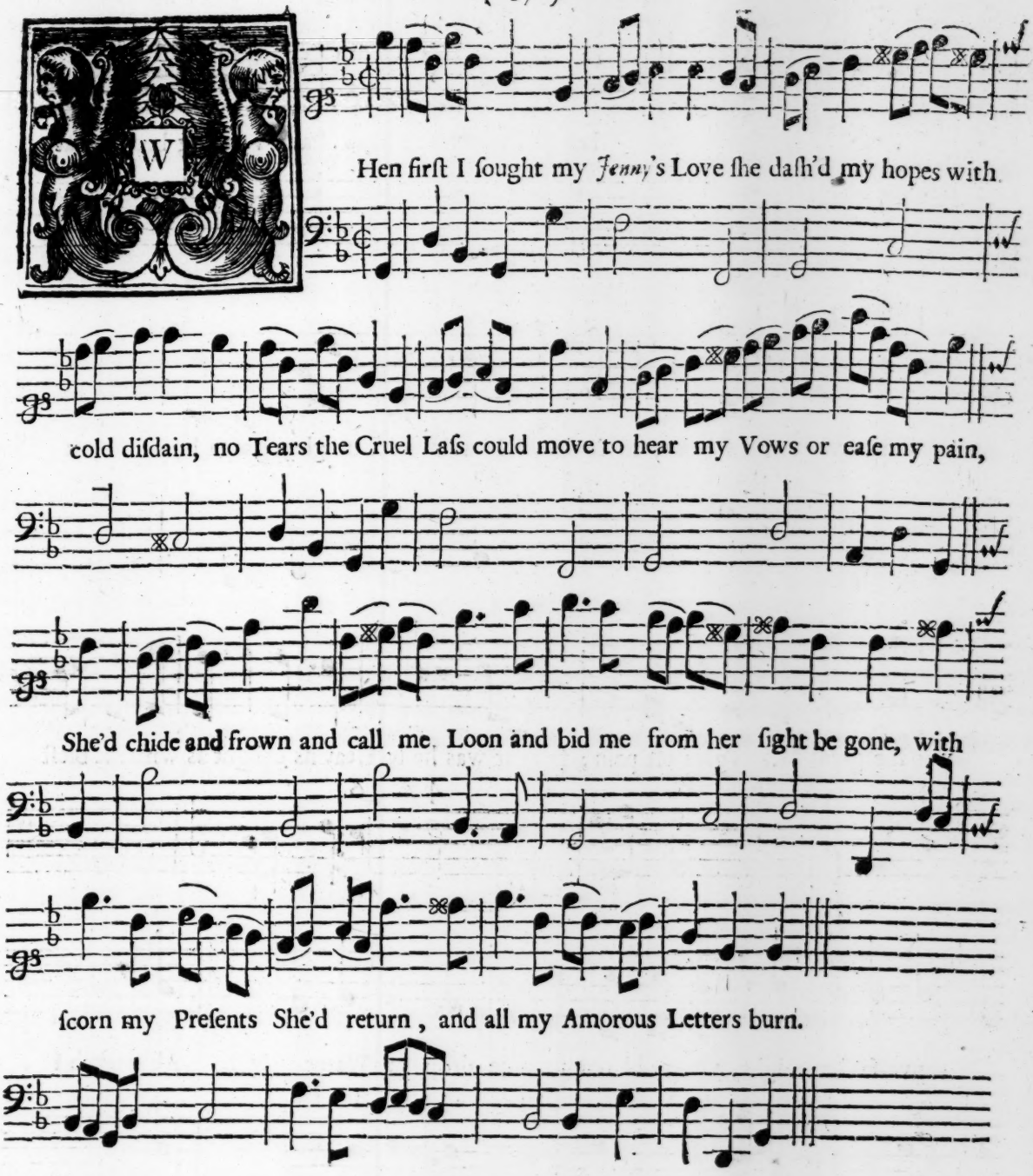



But now my Conſtancy She's found,
The lovely fair relenting Maid
With kind conſent my hopes has Crown'd,
And all my ſuffrings over paid;
She'll kiſs and toy
And call me Joy,
In Love the livelong day imploy,
She'll look and ſmile on me alone,
And only grieve ſhe e're did frown.

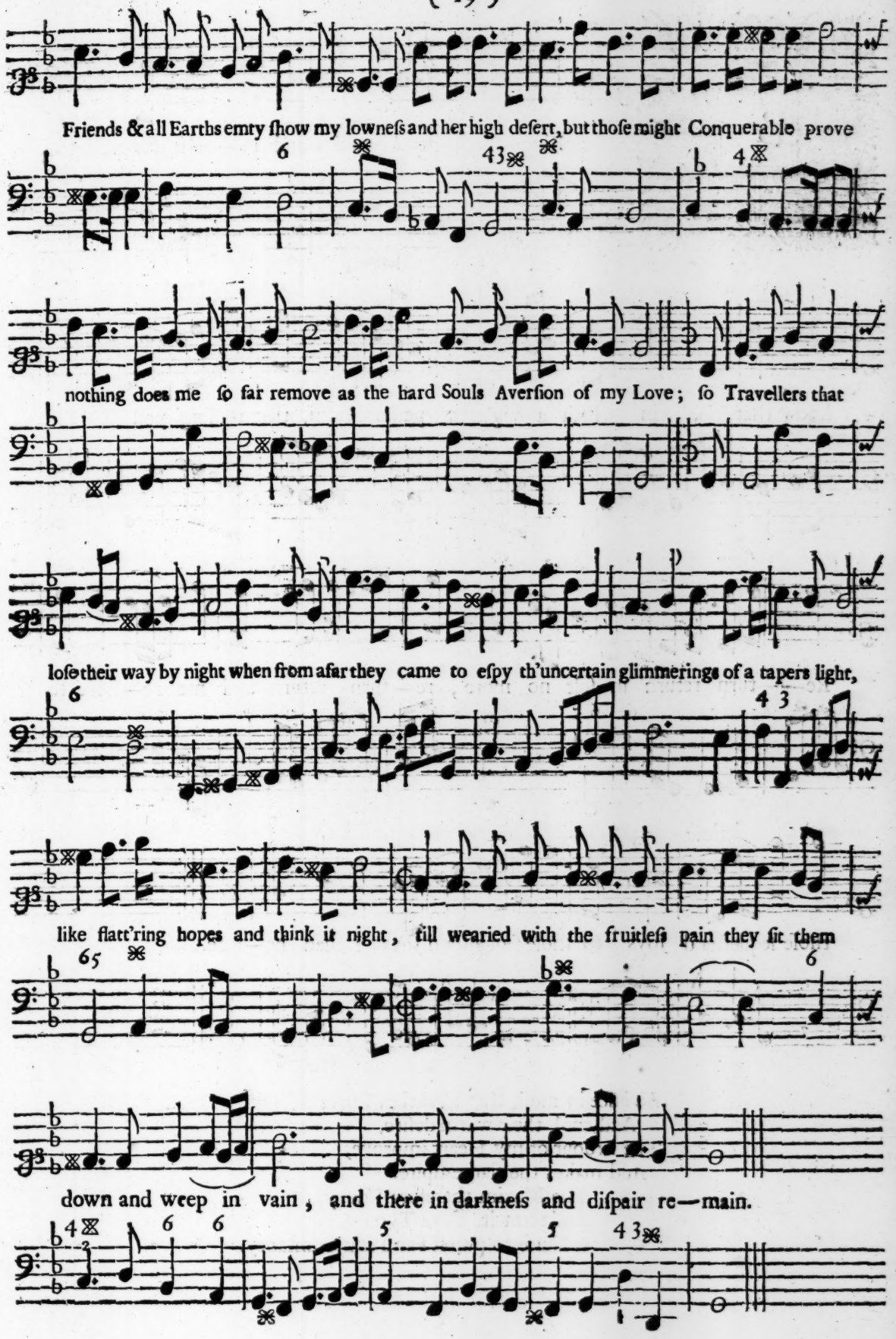
These full two hours now have I gazing been, what

Comfort by it can I gain, to look on Heav'n with mighty gulph be — tween

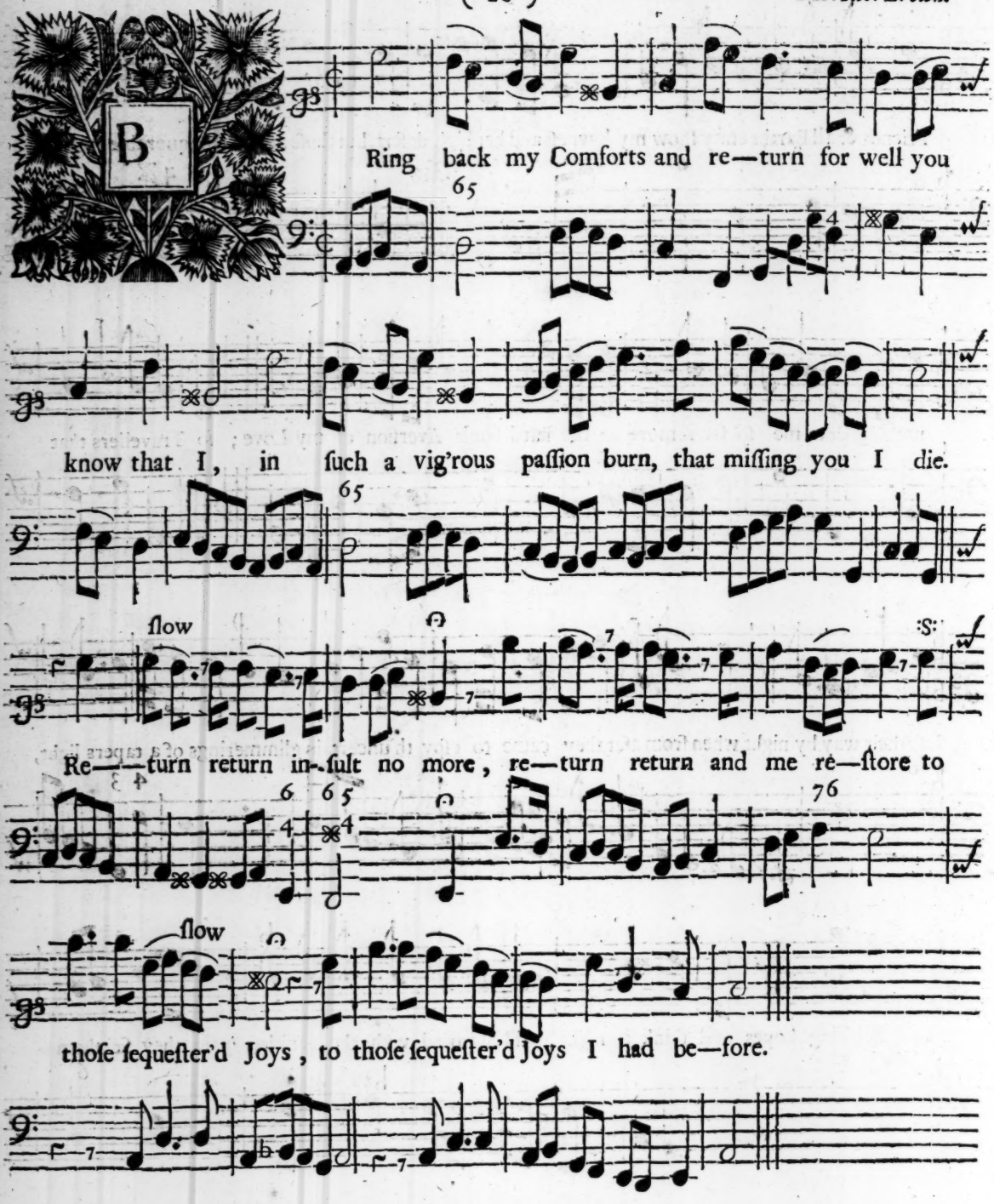
was the great Miſer's greateſt pain: ſo near was he to Heav'ns delight as with the bleſt

converſe he might, yet could not get one drop of Water by't. Ah wretch I

ſeem to touch her now: but oh, but oh, what boundleſs ſpaces does us part! fortune and


Friends & all Earths emty ſhow my lowneſs and her high deſert, but thoſe might Conquerable prove
nothing does me ſo far remove as the hard Souls Averſion of my Love; ſo Travellers that
loſe their way by night when from afar they came to eſpy th'uncertain glimmerings of a tapers light,
like flatt'ring hopes and think it night, till wearied with the fruitleſs pain they ſit them
down and weep in vain, and there in darkneſs and diſpair re—main.

Mr. *Ric. Brown.*




Abſence in moſt, that quenches Love,
And cool their warm deſire,
The Ardour of my Heart improve,
And makes the flame aſpire.
The Maxim therefore I deny,
And term it, tho a Tyrany,
A Nurſe to pureſt Faith and Conſtancy.

Mr. *Tho. Tedway.*

he Gods are not more bleſt then he who fixing his glad

Eyes on thee does ever hear and ev'—ry long Charm'd with the Mu—ſick,

Charm'd with the Mu—ſick of thy Tongue that ſees with more then hu—mane

Grace ſweet ſmiles A—dorn *A—minta's* Face.

But when to pity you incline,
And ſo become much more Devine,
What mortal can ſupport the Joy
The mighty bleſſing does deſtroy,
Ah ! wou'd you have your *Damon* live,
Your Favours leſs profuſely give.

SEE, ſee, ſee the lovely Maid and Paradiſe and

See, ſee, ſee, ſee, ſee the lovely Maid and Para-

Pa---ra---diſe in Bed diſplay'd, like bluſhing Morn, like bluſhing Morn ſhe

diſe in Bed in Bed diſplay'd, like bluſhing Morn, like bluſhing Morn ſhe lyes, and

lyes and ſings the tryumphs, ſings the try---umph of her Eyes. The wanton Cupids

ſings the tryumphs of her Eyes, and ſings the tryumph of her Eyes. The wanton Cupids

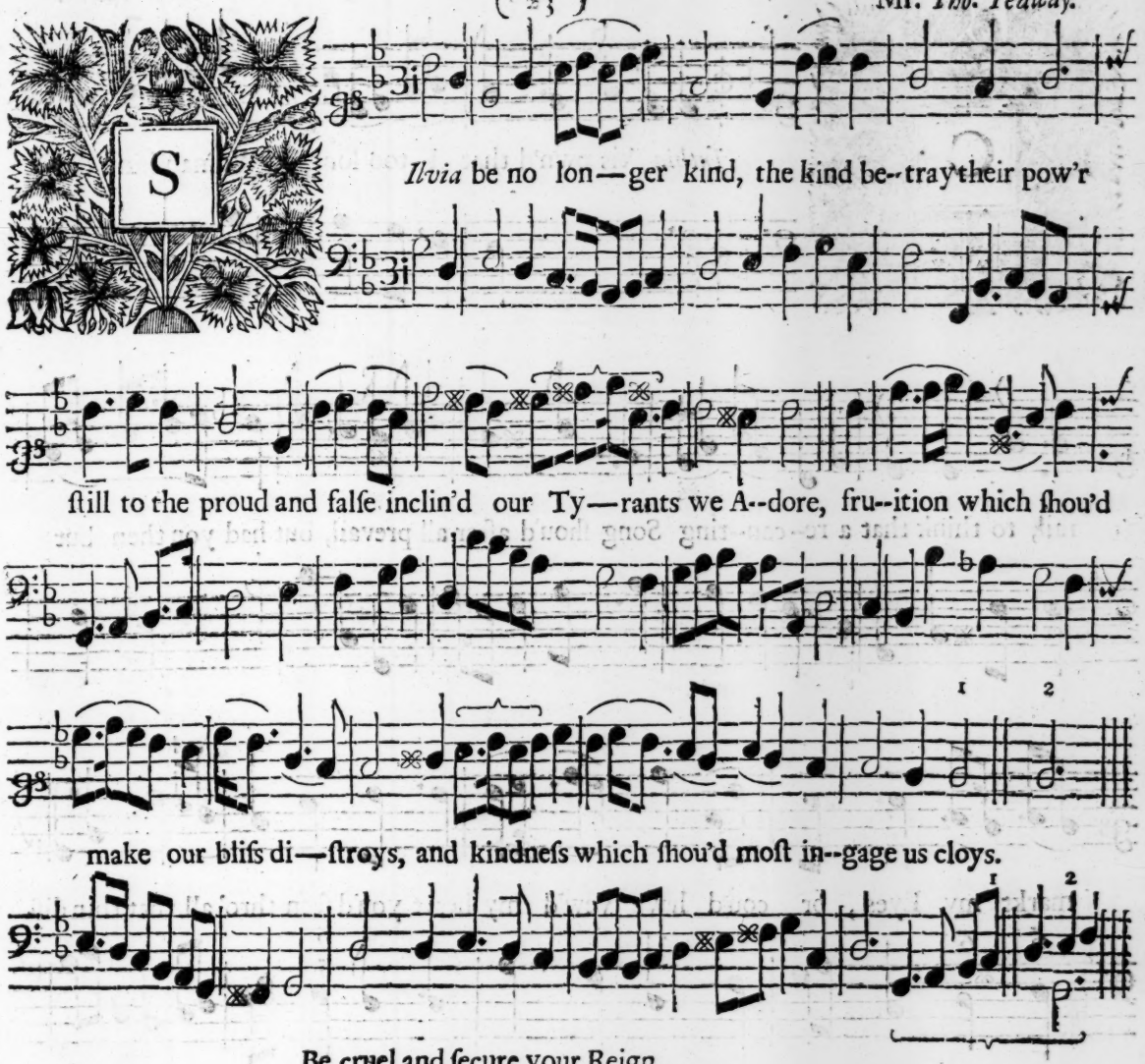
play and ſport their lit---tle Hearts away, whilſt all a round them throng. To

play and ſport their little Hearts away whilſt all a round them throng, to hear the Muſick

hear the Muſick of her Tongne, to hear the Muſick, hear the Muſick of her Tongue.

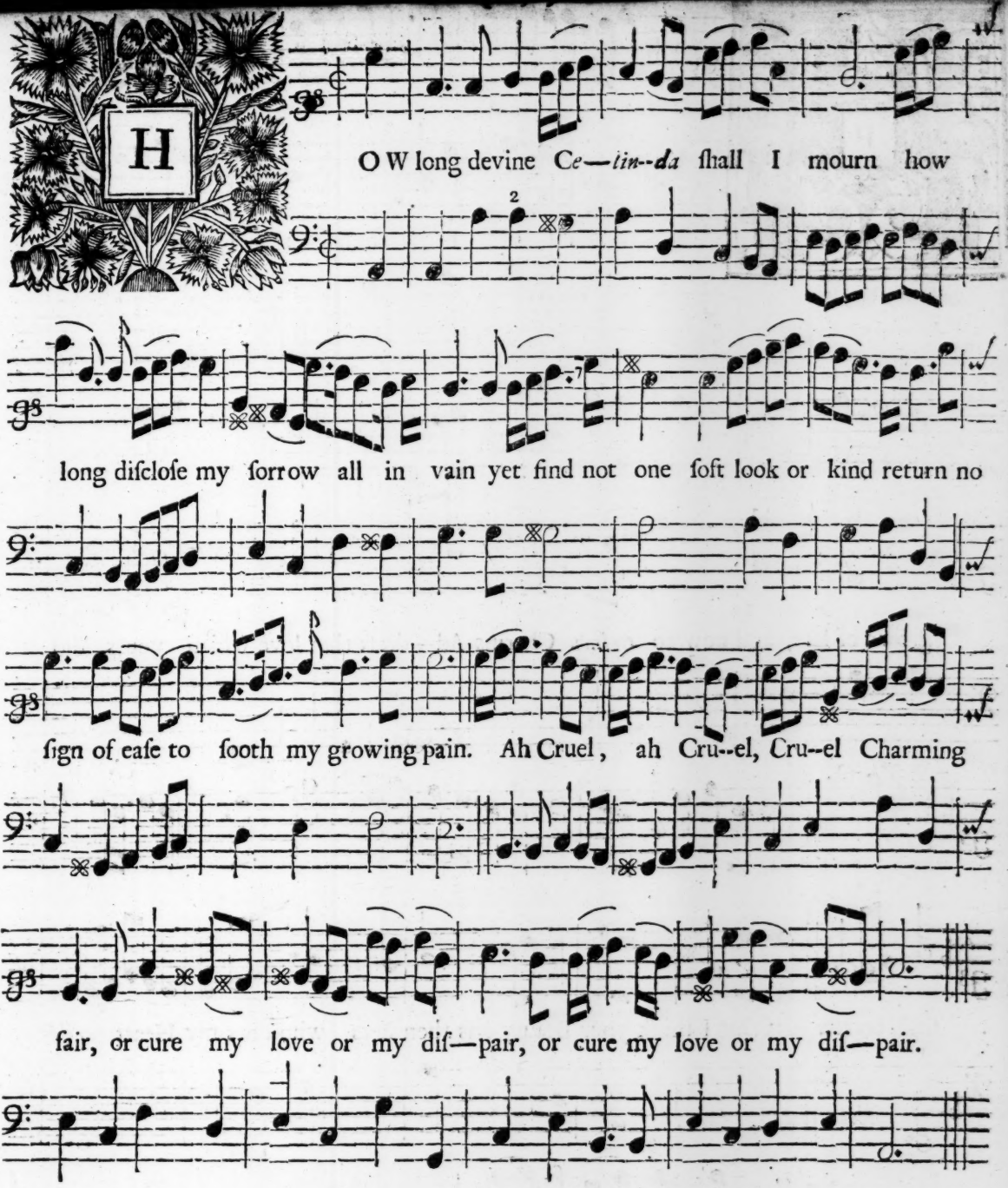
of her Tongue, to hear the Muſick of her Tongue, to hear the Muſick of her Tongue.

Mr. *Tho. Tedway.*

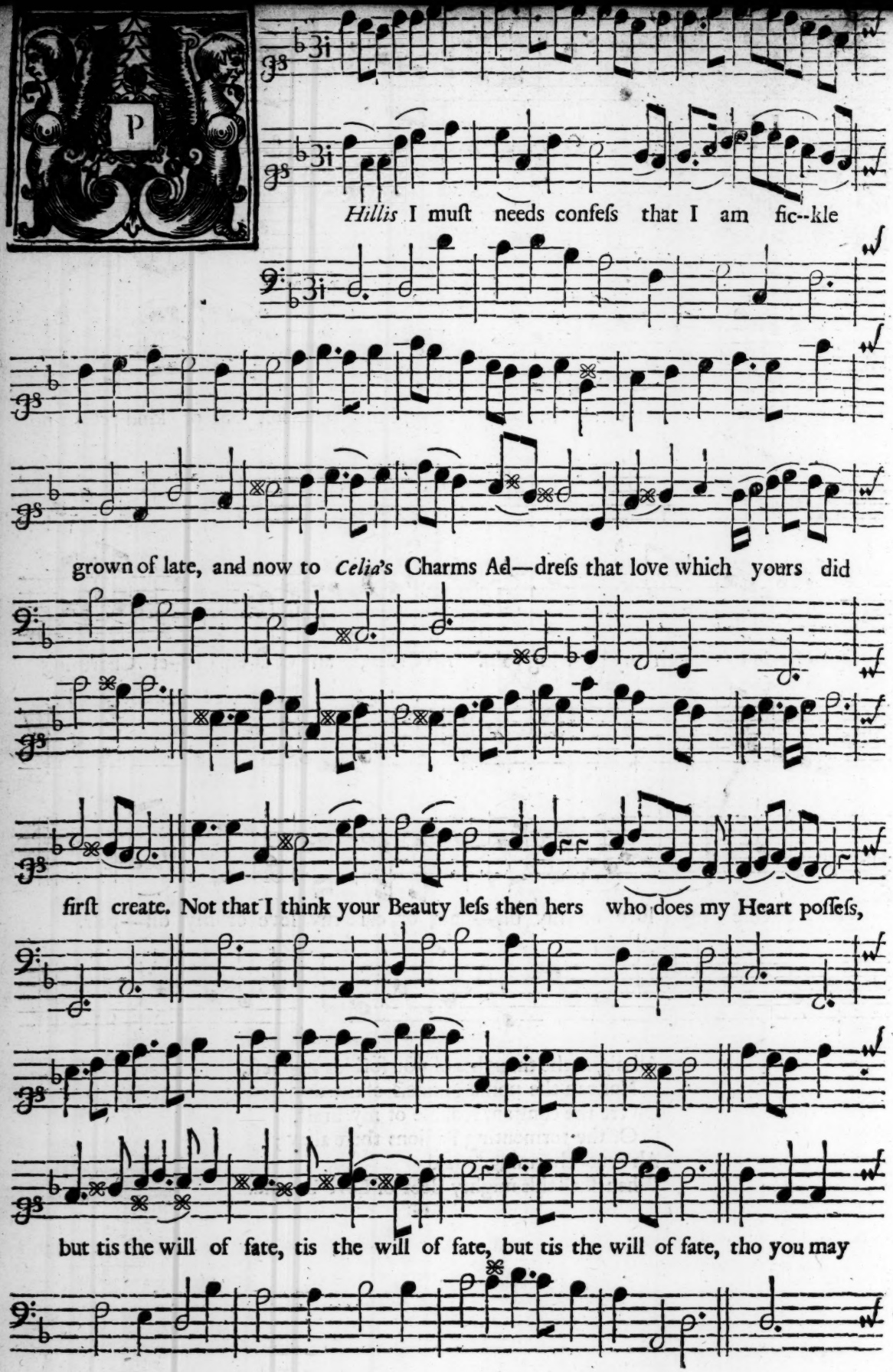


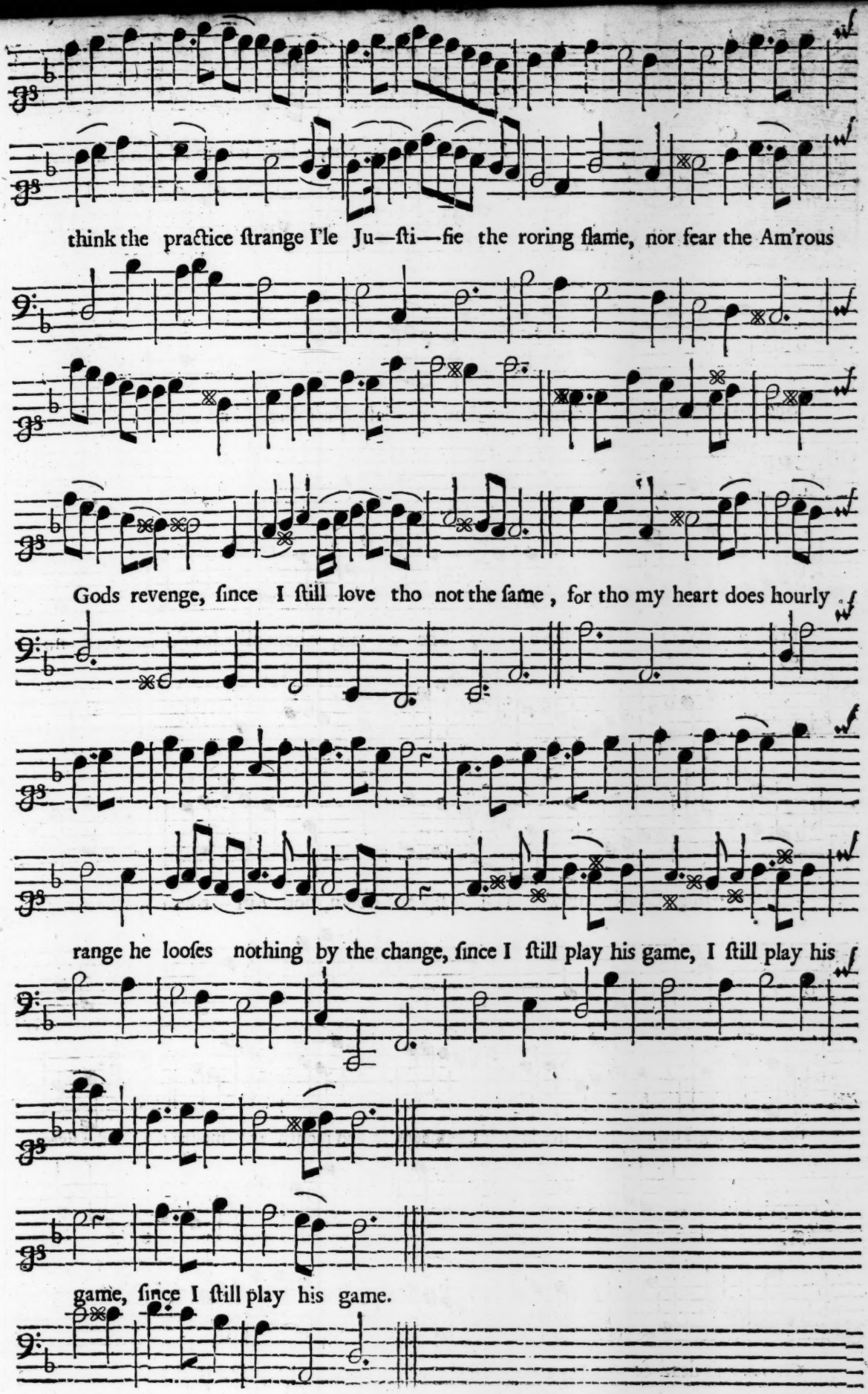

Be cruel and ſecure your Reign,
*Myrtilla*'s Pride and Scorn,
Her haughty looks and fierce diſdain,
Show her for Empire born;
Oh curſt diſeaſe of our fantaſtick mind,
The Cruel we purſue and fly the Kind.

*Inthia* 'tis own'd that I too long on Woman-kind did rail, to think that a re-can-ting Song ſhou'd after all prevail, but had you then but markt my Eyes, or cou'd have vew'd my heart you'd ſeen thro' all that thin diſ-guiſe they all—ways took your part, they all——ways took your part.




All night the thoughts of you forbids my reſt,
Nor can the noiſie buſineſs of the day
Divert the conſtant trouble of my breſt,
Or the tormenting Paſſions there allay;
Ah cruel charming Maid,
When ſhall this mighty debt of Love be paid.


P
Hillis I muſt needs confeſs that I am fic--kle
grown of late, and now to Celia's Charms Ad—dreſs that love which yours did
firſt create. Not that I think your Beauty leſs then hers who does my Heart poſſeſs,
but tis the will of fate, tis the will of fate, but tis the will of fate, tho you may


think the practice ſtrange I'le Ju—ſti—fie the roring flame, nor fear the Am'rous
Gods revenge, ſince I ſtill love tho not the ſame, for tho my heart does hourly
range he looſes nothing by the change, ſince I ſtill play his game, I ſtill play his
game, ſince I ſtill play his game.

HE, She, alaſs, She, a-laſs, whom all admir'd is dead,

She a--laſs whom all admir'd is dead, a—laſs She's dead, and with her all that's

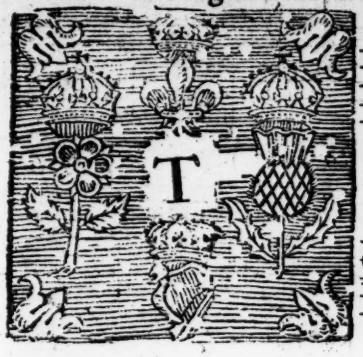
brisk or gay is fled, She a—laſs, She a—laſs, whom all admir'd is dead, no

Rat—-ling Coaches now run up and down, nor Am'—rous Sparks amuſe

the wondring Town all pen - ſive in their Chambers ſit and mourn and mourn the fair the ſweet

*Cor-rin-na*'s dead & gone, She a--laſs, She a—laſs whom all admir d is dead.

A Song in *Bellamira*, or, the Miſtreſs. Set by Mr. *Tho. Shndwell.*



*Hyrſis* un—juſt—ly you com—plain, and tax my

tender heart, with want of pity for your pain, or ſence of your diſſert.

By ſecret and miſterious Springs alaſs our paſſions move, we Women are fan-taſtick

things that like be—fore we love.

You may be handſome and have Wit,
Be ſecret and well bred,
The Parſon Love muſt to us fit,
He onely can ſucceed.
Some die and yet are ne're believ'd,
Others we truſt too ſoon,
Helping our ſelves to be deceiv'd,
And proud to be undone.

*Hillis* what ever love or you for my diſ—pairing

ſhall or—dain, my ſuffring Heart ſhall ſtill be true, and with the Tor—ments

and with the Tor--ments that en—ſue may break but ne're com——plain.

My grief when P*hil—lis* Is un—kind no rude re-ſent-ments ſhall be—tray tis

calm as Vows for Hea--ven de--ſign'd, and gentle as the Southern Winds that

fans the blooming May. No ſlights ſhall make my paſ--ſion leſs, my Love ſhall

me--rit tho it ſtarve for as poſſeſſion we confeſs the higheſt degree of happineſs the

next is to de----ſerve.

A Catch for 3 Voc. Mr- *Henry Purcel.*

Hen U and I to--gether meet, we make up 6 in

:S:

Houſe or Street, yet I and V may meet once more, and

then we 2 can make but 4, but when that V from I am gone, alaſs poor

I can make but one.

Ould ſoftning melting looks pre - vail, *Phillis* might ever

hope ſucceſs, her beauties pow'r wou'd not fail, did not her cheapneſs make it leſs,

but ſuch advances, but ſuch advances ſhe does make, who lov'd her once muſt her for-

ſake, but ſuch advances ſhe does make, who lov'd her once muſt her for—ſake.

She who's too eagerly enclin'd
To catch at Love let's go her fame,
And 'tis beneath a generous mind
To catch ignoble yeilding game.
But in reſiſtance, but in reſiſtance ſuch force lies,
It Charms beyond the brighteſt Eyes.

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